

Kinktober 2021: Breeding

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Kinktober 2021: Breeding

by [Jokers_Wild](#)

Summary

When Peter and Derek get a call to a local zoo about a temperamental merman the pair find that things aren't what they assumed upon first hearing about the creature. The pair of specialists are let to care for the nereid, and tend to the possibility of the clutch of eggs in its belly ripening with proper attention from the pair.

Notes

WARNING: Man I have to do so many warnings during Kinktober lol. Alright, dubious consent tag is kinda iffy, I mean it's natural instincts but at the same time there's really no consent there? Even though Stiles clearly wants things to happen, so I leave that to your discretion. Also, different species doing the nasty so take that with a grain of salt as well. Otherwise, enjoy!

“We can’t thank you enough.” The man smiled tightly as they walked swiftly, bypassing all the onlookers who stared awed by the exhibits. “We’ve been trying to find someone who could handle him, but we’ve failed thus far in finding a private specialist. When we heard that the council would provide a specialist...Well, we were quite happy to hear we’d get help.”

“What breed is he?”

The clinical tone didn't dissuade the man's cheeriness. "He's a Netherlands dwarf."

"A strange import." Peter drawled, eyeing the man calculatingly.

Derek hummed, following along without another word about the creature they were there to see. Derek pushed past the crowds, irritated that the man didn't just use company hallways for speedier travel though he supposed he was attempting to give Derek and Peter a 'tour' of the zoo. Derek wasn't interested in the man's flaunting of the many creatures on show, he liked the creatures themselves but people, in general, were annoying. That was why Derek preferred his work, surrounded by the creatures and not the humans who thought they knew everything.

Derek left it to his uncle to entertain the man, or at least talk to him as if they were impressed by the place. His eyes did latch onto the selkie that swam by a nearby window, children chasing after it as if it was a game. Rolling his eyes Derek continued forward prepared for a long walk towards the creature they were there to check on.

Derek gave a soft exhalation of relief when they came to a locked door that was marked with employees only, finally, they'd get somewhere. He nodded, walking through when the man held the door for him and Peter. Derek didn't wait, there was a singular path to take so he took it, smirking when his uncle didn't wait for the man either. As they walked, the man came trotting up behind them though Derek chose to ignore the many ramblings the man gave about the Hale's achievements in the field and how widely respected they were.

Derek only paused when the wall suddenly gave way to a brilliant blue, he turned his eyes widening when he took in the fact that the wall had been replaced with floor-to-ceiling windows of the giant tank. He sent a sharp look to his uncle, but Peter was analyzing the tank. Derek glanced about, it was big, a nice recovery tank for sure. He wished all facilities had recovery tanks like these...Granted the sparse plant life could be better, but Derek figured that was simply because the idiots at the zoo didn't have a good enough repore with the creature to have it come when called.

"It's spectacular isn't it?" The man said with pride staring at the wide tank sprawled out before them.

"There's not enough shelter, plant life, or warming locations for a Netherland dwarf. I do hope you have a warming station in his den otherwise that lethargy you complained about will make far more sense than your strange theory that hormones are to blame."

Derek smirked when his uncle cut the man down to size, he leaned back to stare at the flustered man daring to be cruel to add. "The temperature better be correct or he'll start to shed scales."

Peter nodded his head at the little tidbit of information his nephew had added, he twisted and fought hard not to smile at how annoyed their current employer looked. "So, shall we see him?"

"Yes." The man retorted crisply. "This way." Cutting between the two men, the zoo staff member lead them down the hallway and past the many windows towards the tank. Coming to another door, he typed in the code and swung it open. A few small flights of stairs and they reached the upper deck. A 360 platform around the tank was enclosed with more glass, as a sandy beach area was left for the creature to bask if they so chose. Nothing was in sight though and the man was swift to state. "He's probably hiding down in his cave, he likes the dark."

Peter huffed, not at all surprised to hear that the creature was more inclined to hide from the man and his lackeys than bathe on the fake beach. Even as far as false beaches went this was a bit below par, the sand wasn't even real. He gave his nephew an annoyed look when he gestured mildly to it.

Derek huffed, yeah he'd noticed it too. So few facilities bothered with the real deal because it made so much mess but it truly did impact the creature's life. Given how porous and big the grains of the false sand were it probably grated on the creature's body. More akin to a cheese grater than a soft place to lay about and bask, he turned to the man who was standing a tad stiffer than before their 'rude' comments still not admitting them to the tank. "How old is he?"

The man cleared his throat at the question. "We're not exactly sure."

Peter frowned, glaring at the man. "How can't you be sure?"

The man blinked in surprise to the annoyance lacing the man's voice, he scrambled to say. "B- because we haven't always had him an-"

"Paperwork exists for a reason," Derek replied in a bored tone. "Who had him first? We can get his records from there." When the man continued to look unsettled and didn't offer up a response Derek's face turned sharply into a scowl.

Peter folded his arms over his chest as the man avoided answering Derek, they'd both been in the business long enough to know when something wasn't right. Not knowing the age of the creatures in your zoo wasn't good practice, neither was denying where the creature hailed from, to begin with. "You have one try to answer him before I call the council for exploited animals and assume he's been poached."

Eyes wide the man held out his hands waving them urgently. "No! No, you must understand it's not like that...He wasn't poached or anything." Chuckling awkwardly the man swallowed when it didn't seem to faze the two men. Sighing, shoulders slumping he admitted. "The owner of the zoo bought him."

"From?"

Shaking his head the staff member uttered a soft. "He was a personal pet for a private collector, our owner took him off the guy's hands when he killed the guy's pets."

Derek grimaced, the species, in general, weren't known for maiming or killing other animals. "Was he eating them?" He hoped not, but that was truly the only reason Derek could assume for the animal killings.

"I don't know...Possibly?"

Sighing Peter muttered. "Let us in so we can take a look at him."

"Y-You're not going to call the council, right?" The man gave a stuttered laugh, a fake smile on show.

Peter smiled back at the man, taking great pleasure in stating. "If you refuse us entry I'll definitely be making that call, if you let me in I might save the deconstruction of this zoo for another day." The way the man paled was ever so much fun to watch. He snorted when the man hastily began digging out a set of keys, his eyes met Derek and nodded when his nephew shook his head. Yes, a phone call would be happening regardless of what state the creature was in. Imbeciles like this didn't deserve such a rare and elusive beast, they were protected for a reason. Twisting about Peter tilted his head curiously when he saw a notice board that had details about the little dwarf, including his name. "Stiles?"

The man glanced over his shoulder nodding his head. "Yeah, that's his name."

“Odd name for a dwarf,” Derek muttered as he read it aloud for himself.

“Well, the name the original owner was just jibberish, our owner replaced the name. I think he saw it in a magazine?” The man shook his head as he finally got the door unlocked.

Derek huffed pushing through the door the second the man got it unlocked, leaving him to stagger back as Peter was fast behind him. Stepping out onto the platform Derek glared at the concrete, which two feet later turned into the pebble-like beach that the zoo had created for the recovery tank. He was interested to see the main tank the creature was housed in, but that was for later. At the moment, he and Peter needed to see for themselves the state of the creature. “You said he’s stopped eating and grew aggressive, right?”

“Y-Yes.” The man rambled. “He’s changed color.” When the two men twisted to frown at him the man swallowed. “W-What?”

“He changed color?” Peter scowled, that wasn’t a trait dwarfs were known for sure it could happen but it was rare.

“Yes.” The man nodded. “You’ll see for yourself...I mean if we can get him up here.”

Derek snorted at the man’s doubts he gave Peter a bored look before taking his belongings out of his pockets, kicking off his shoes amid the zoo staff’s questions, and with a chuckle twisted to tell the man. “Like it or not, instinct is instinct. They don’t favor intruders into their water, and they really hate it when people try to drown themselves.”

Peter laughed as his nephew stepped back off of the ledge and sank into the water even as the staffer from the zoo cried out in shock. Peter walked to the edge, he peered down in the crystalline waters and saw his nephew sinking. Peter tilted his head, waiting, yet nothing showed. Any other aquatic species let alone a nereid would have swum to Derek’s side out of curiosity if not to help the younger man. Frowning the man turned to question the man who had brought them into the tank. “You’re sure he’s in this tank?”

“Yes-Of course.”

Peter scowled, but twisted to peer down in the water just in time for Derek to come to the surface for breath. The dark look on his nephew’s face was telling. “Any movement from a cave?”

Derek shook his head, flipping his hair back out of his eyes. “If there is one it’s at the bottom and we’d need tanks for that.” Treading water the younger man muttered. “He should have felt me enter the water.”

“Indeed he should have.” Peter once more turned and arched a brow. “Sure you haven’t misplaced him?” The subtle anger that flitted across the man’s face had Peter challenging. “After all, you don’t even know how old he is, are you sure this is the right recovery tank?”

“We only have one!” The man defended.

Derek huffed as he pulled himself out of the tank, grimacing at the sharp points of the fake sand embedding into his skin. Yeah, no creature alive would bask on this shit. His legs dangling into the water Derek uttered. “You can’t have just one tank, if he’s sick and needs to be moved about then the water has to be replenished and filtered. With one tank that leaves him to lay about in water that is infected with chemicals and whatever might be afflicting him. Not to mention your zoo has multiple aquatic species, only having one tank could be disastrous if more than one creature needed separation from their main enclosure.”

"It's borrowing trouble," Peter added with a sigh, looking down at his nephew who was peering below his legs into the water.

"So...Now what?"

Peter twisted to glare at the man. "Now, you're going to go and find some tuna."

"Tuna?"

Derek huffed, canting his head back to tell the idiot. "Yeah, they like tuna. We can bribe him out of his little cave."

"Oh...We don't normally give him tuna."

"What do you give him? Shellfish?" Peter questioned, not waiting for an answer before needlessly educating the man. "You have to be careful in how much of that he's given dwarfs commonly have digestive issues with shel-

"No...No shellfish, only the selkies get that."

Peter's jaw tightened as he hummed, more interesting news that he was sure the council would eat up. "Just go get some tuna."

"Fresh tuna," Derek added having a feeling that whatever the moron brought them might be too spoiled to offer.

"Y-Yeah...Um, you're staying here?" The man nodded quickly when the two men glared at him. "I'll be right back." He quickly turned and raced out of the tank's enclosure.

Derek waited until the door to the enclosure shut to tell his uncle. "These guys are screwed."

Peter chuckled as he kicked off his shoes and tossed his belongings onto the fake sand before joining Derek in feeding his legs into the temperate water. "Personally I can't wait for the private investigation on how this little dwarf ended up being a private pet." He tilted his head towards Derek smiling broadly, they both knew how messy that was going to get.

"This whole place is going to be worked over by the council...Only giving selkies shellfish?" He shook his head, both he and Peter had seen other creatures that thrived off the stuff as they made their way there. Only giving it to one type of creature was stupid, careless, and more importantly abusive. All creatures needed a variety to their diet. "Twenty bucks he brings back fish bait instead of good tuna."

Peter glared at his nephew. "I hope he doesn't fail that spectacularly at understanding what spoiled food is, but regardless we won't be offering it to the little dwarf it has gone bad."

Derek nodded peering back into the water as he kicked his feet back and forth, any other dwarf would have been surging up to the water to bare its teeth at them and demand they take their feet from its water source. Yet, this one was determined to hide, given the mistreatment that they'd started to take a peek at it made sense the creature would grow hostile.

Impatiently they waited for the man to return, when the door came abruptly open they twisted to see the man racing forward with a bucket. Peter held out a hand, accepting the heavy pail, and settled it between himself and Derek. He nodded upon taking a piece of the fish into his hand, sniffing it himself before appraising that it was a good cut of fish. Not the freshest but definitely not spoiled, the dwarf should savor the treat, especially if he'd been restricted some pitiful diet the

zoo cooked up. Leaning forward a hair, Peter tipped his hand with the fish into the water, it wouldn't take long for the scent of the fish to reach the creature and then he and Derek could truly see it.

Derek watched carefully, waiting for something to move at the bottom of the tank, for the little dwarf to come shooting out of the low dwindles of kelp or the little cave the zoo had for it. Yet, nothing moved from below. He glared at the bad sign before them, calling out even as he kept his eyes on the water. "When's the last time someone caught sight of him?" Derek dreaded the thought that the creature might have died inside the blasted cave at the bottom, but by now it should have taken the bait.

"Uh...Oh, um yesterday?"

The less than sure answer had Derek glaring at his uncle, the man wasn't impressed either. Peter shook his head, they'd need to get tanks to go and investigate for themselves. If the dwarf wasn't coming for the fish then it was either sick or dead, neither were good outcomes but there wasn't much else they could do. Pulling his hand up prepared to drop the fish back into the bucket and rise to go gather some tanks for them Peter grunted when he was suddenly yanked into the water. He had to hold tight to the breath he had after being startled, he tumbled in the water a sea of bubbles before something yanked on his hand again. Peter watched as the bubbles trailed upwards, his hand released the fish as he smiled at the creature tucked up under the lip of the fake beach.

So the idiot had been right all along, it was no wonder his nephew hadn't caught sight of him. Not with that coloring, not by hiding in the dark shadow of the lip of the enclosure. The sharp fangs that Stiles bared at him as the creature cradled the fish to itself had Peter nodding his head and kicking upwards. He breached the water to cough a bit, swimming forward to the lip and pulling himself up to rest against its lip even as the frantic zoo worker was screaming down the hallway for help. Peter glared after the man before sending a confused look to his smirking nephew, sighing he asked. "What'd you do?"

"He'll surely eat you."

Peter gave a breathy laugh at the lie as he twisted about and hoisted himself to sit on the rim of the fake beach grimacing as it dug into his skin. "They are utter morons dear nephew."

"I noticed," Derek uttered in a dry tone as he picked up another piece of tuna and held it below the water, waiting patiently for the creature to come and take it. He didn't mind if he was dragged into the water as Peter had been, but he had a feeling it might be more patient now that it had gotten a snack. "So...He's below us?"

"Yes, it's no wonder you didn't see him. He's managed to cram himself up under the lip where it's dark." Peter chuckled shaking his head at the smart move the creature had made in order not to be gawked at. "What's the most common color of Netherland dwarf?" He quizzed his nephew.

Derek frowned at the strange quiz but replied simply. "Normal shades of a bright green people commonly refer to them as little limes, but the exotics tend to be orange to red. Nothing like the Chinese snappers, but they can be mistaken as them."

Peter hummed, amusement lacing the noise as he told his nephew. "There is no dwarf under these waters."

Derek sighed, well they had noticed that the staff were morons. "What is he?"

Peter sat back a smile on his face, he chuckled when Derek grunted as the fish was yanked from

his hand though his nephew wasn't pulled into the water. Derek shook out his hand giving him a pensive look as he snatched up another piece of fish for the creature. "Well?"

Peter nodded at the impatience in his nephew's voice. "Derek, how many species are there in the world?"

"Saltwater or freshwater?" Derek threw back annoyed at the lack of an answer. "Given that this is a saltwater tank I only have to be annoyed at the twenty-six types you're holding out on telling me he is."

Peter laughed at the irritable tone Derek gave him. "You remember how we said they were screwed? How the council was going to tear this place asunder?"

"Yeah?"

Peter reached forward taking up a piece of fish after pulling Derek's hand out of the water thus preventing the creature from taking it first. He tossed his piece into the center of the tank and waited. It didn't take but a minute before the seductive form came from the dark depths it had been hiding in to snatch up the tasty morsel. It twisted about fluidly and began to nibble at the morsel of fish, heated eyes glaring back at them.

"Son of a bitch!"

Peter laughed at his nephew's surprise, he'd been quite surprised as well but had been too busy holding his breath to say anything. "He's changing colors," Peter noted with a small wave to the creature's tail, distracting Derek from the stunning sight of the rare creature.

Derek nodded, blinking a few times before he truly registered what Peter had said. True to form, the sleek tail was shifting from dark blue and purple to a more brilliant green and yellow. The aggression and seclusion made a hell of a lot more sense, so did the lack of feeding. "They were feeding him garbage so he stopped eating, he needs better fuel-"

"Since it's time to breed." Peter finished as he tossed another piece of fish to the creature, he smiled at how it swiftly snatched it up tearing into it with sharp teeth and great fervor. No doubt the poor thing was hungry, it took a lot of energy to change colors, to get ready for the breeding season. "Now, the real question."

Derek glanced at his uncle. "What?"

Peter looked to his nephew and asked. "Does Stiles have a clutch in his belly or have these fools made him lose them from not caring for him properly. Given that they thought they were caring for a dwarf there's no telling what ignorant abuse they've caused upon him."

Derek frowned looking back at the sleek form, with as rare as Stiles was losing a possible clutch would be highly detrimental to the species. It wouldn't surprise Derek if he'd lost them though, at the rate Stiles was devouring the tuna his body was well behind in having accumulated the energy needed to grow a clutch to be ready to be fertilized. "I don't know." He finally answered Peter.

"If it is found that he lost a clutch, as his coloring could indicate he was ready for...The fines will be horrendous for these morons. They'll go bankrupt simply for that, never mind the abuse that is clearly normalized in this facility."

Derek nodded his head, he picked up another piece of fish and dipped his hand in the water rather than throwing it out to the creature. He waited, patiently for it to finish its last bit of fish and to take notice of the new offering in his hand. It glared at him but slowly swam closer. Derek smiled when

it stopped a few feet in front of him, wary. "It's alright." He leaned forward and offered the fish, it was clear the creature was tempted by the meal but it didn't trust him or Peter. Derek nodded to the creature when it slowly came closer reaching to take the fish in a hasty grab. Derek didn't fight to keep the fish, leaning back once it had been snatched up. Tilting his head, Derek murmured just for him and Peter. "When's the last time you actually saw a Navagio?"

Peter thought a moment, the species was rare, protected since it was so endangered compared to the many other species. It was no wonder as to why they were stunning creatures. They'd been alarmed when they thought they had a little dwarf, but this...This was a whole different ball game. "Probably twelve years or more...The exhibit in London has a pair."

"A pair?" Derek turned surprised.

"Hm." Peter nodded. "Twins, born from the same clutch."

Derek frowned and dared to question. "Interbreedin-"

Peter shook his head quelling his nephew's fears. "Both are biologically male, there won't be any spoiled clutches from them. They're very close though, familiar units for their species are quite a sight. The only place that has more of them is the preserve."

Derek nodded, that wasn't a surprise, an entire area of the ocean had been closed off from people to protect the natural nesting sites of the species. Large nets and coast guards patrolled to keep the endangered species protected but in captivity...One was akin to finding a unicorn herd. The twins Peter spoke of had to be enough to keep that zoo up in running for as long as they retained them. "The last one I saw was at the recovery center in Seattle."

"Ah, yeah...Back when you went to the pacific convention." Peter smiled, he'd been away at another zoo at the time and had missed it. "I was quite put out to have missed that."

Derek chuckled, he knew, he'd lorded it over his uncle's head for months about how he'd seen the rare creature and up close. Nothing like this though, Derek smirked when Stiles swam closer curiously tilting his head this way and that searching. Derek turned and picked up another piece of fish, they were running low now, but he let his hand sink into the water daring the creature to come closer. He got a nasty glare for that trickery, but he and Peter patiently waited for the temptation of tuna to draw it nearer. Derek smiled when the tuna was pulled from his fingers, the nereid darting away from them to eat at a distance.

Peter chuckled at the quick movement the creature made as if it truly feared Derek would wrench it up out of the water. Shaking his head Peter watched the tuna quickly be devoured, glancing to their bucket he frowned. Two pieces left, not nearly enough to make Stiles trust them let alone fill his belly. Looking back towards the door which was shut, the hallway was bare of anyone. The idiot worker might have gone for help, but he surely hadn't found any if he'd been gone this long.

"What's wrong?"

Peter looked back at his nephew and retorted. "We are running out of fish dear nephew."

Derek nodded, he'd noticed. "We'll get some more...You should make the call, no one's around to kick up a fuss anyway."

"You're right." Peter looked back smiling when the nereid drifted closer, once more curiously looking to see if the bucket had more tasty bits for it to sample. Peter climbed to his feet, walking over to his belongings Peter picked up his phone and dialed the well-known number.

Derek left his uncle to that fun conversation, offering a piece of tuna to the creature he spoke softly to try and endear it to him. “We’re running low I’m afraid, but we’ll get you more soon. Maybe some Salmon, that would be good for your scales.” Stiles watched him as it ate, clearly listening to him. “It would help you pack some energy into you too, you clearly need it.” The color changes that he could see were clear intent for breeding but they weren’t seamless as they should be. “Some sturgeon would be good too,” Derek smirked when he saw Stiles perk up, so the little nava liked sturgeon. Nodding Derek reached into the bucket and with a resigned noise held it up so the nereid could see it. “I’m afraid this is it, for now, Stiles, enjoy it.” He tossed it into the water chuckling at how the sublime form twisted about sharply to snatch it up before it could sink far.

Derek stayed on the edge of the platform, gently swaying his legs back and forth watching the creature eat the last of the tender fish they had. Idly he heard his uncle informing the council that they needed to come quickly to apprehend a great many people before they ran for the hills, and come with more professionals to appraise the many creatures here at the zoo. If Derek had any instincts about all of this, which he did, everything in the zoo would be relocated within a week or two. First on the list, however, was the little navagio who was at the cusp of his heat or so Derek hoped. If they could get him to lay eggs, the bounty to the species would be wonderous. They’d have to wait to examine him, but Derek hoped it wasn’t too late to save the prospective clutch in his belly.

The entire fiasco was a nightmare and a half, however, it was worth it for the simple fact that Derek and Peter had been given the council's approval to be the ones to rehabilitate the Navagio. Their many years and accolades as experts in the field granting them favor over some of their lesser-known peers who had vied for the chance to recuperate the nereid. He’d been transferred to a nearby facility, a private one where no public eyes would be gawking at the poor creature. With said privacy came the advantages of being fully funded by the endangered species council, which meant lots of fresh fish.

Derek chuckled as he threw a piece of salmon into the water, watching the hasty attack the little nava made on the already deceased fish. It was feeding time, but it was also time for Peter and himself to test the limits of the trust they’d managed to instill in Stiles. He heard his uncle come walking behind him, the man carrying a bucket of fish that should keep the nereid complacent for the little examination they had to carry out.

“I see he’s enjoying that.”

Derek hummed, smiling as the salmon was eaten heartily before Stiles swam closer to see if he had more. Establishing a pattern had been the first task for them, it gave order to the creature, allowing Stiles time to relax and destress from strangers while reinforcing that he’d be fed. More importantly, fed well the little Nava hadn’t wanted for prime fish that was for sure. Derek and Peter weren’t going to skimp on the cost of food simply to save funding for something else.

“I’m all ready when you are.”

Derek climbed to his feet, walking around the outside of the tank and leading the navagio to the shallow beach where they’d do the exam. Coming into the soft sand, real sand, the younger man smiled as the creature glared from the depths of the water. Stiles had yet to bask for them but now wasn’t for playing they needed to see for themselves if this was just a rehabilitation job or a

cultivation one. Derek smirked when his uncle picked up a piece of fish from the bucket he'd retrieved showing off the strip of sturgeon.

Peter chuckled when he saw how Stiles perked up, just like Derek had told him the creature seemed to have a few favorites. They reserved sturgeon for upsetting things, joking that it was his chocolate. "Come on sweetheart." He jostled the fish before tossing it on the edge of the sandbar. Peter nodded when he stepped back, watching as after a minute of clear contemplation the navagio came forward and allowed itself to slide up onto the small ramp of sand. Snatching up the fish that was all but devoured without real thought to chewing, Stiles made to slide back into the water, only to growl when Peter stepped forward.

"Easy sweetheart." Peter showed another piece of sturgeon as he crouched holding it in his hand he smiled at the keen interest the creature showed at another piece of the rare treat "I need to take a look at you, come up into the sand it's nice and warm." Mostly because he'd applied a heat lamp for the last hour, but that didn't need to be said. Peter rose to walk a few paces back where Derek and the bucket of sturgeon scraps lay. "Show him the bucket." Peter still held out the piece in his hand, but he knew one piece wouldn't be enough to have the creature coming on land where he'd be vulnerable.

Derek tilted the bucket allowing the wary creature to see the bounty they'd brought to pacify him for their little exam. "Come on honey, we brought your favorite." Derek was pretty sure at this point that sturgeon was Stiles' favorite, though they still had a few breeds of fish that they hadn't tried. Nothing seemed to make the Nava perk up like sturgeon.

The dry hiss that came in warning was ignored with small smiles of encouragement that were backed by soft words. Peter nodded when Stiles climbed up onto the sand bar, dragging himself into the sand all while baring his impressive teeth at them. Peter threw the piece in his hand, smiling when that wiped off the aggressive face from the creature who happily took up the food. Peter appraised the sleek form, his coloring had almost finished changing, just a few straggling patches that hadn't conformed to the new pattern the navagio wore.

He was a sight, the long tail wore a simple but alluring pattern. Stripes and bars along his sides, while teardrops fell across the spine of his tail, his front was dotted prettily all in a bid to attract a mate. Peter was a little saddened to know they couldn't find a male of his species for him, but there just wasn't time for that. The nearest male of his species was well over a week away even with the best transport teams available. Even if they got the male there, stress and a rushed introduction would most likely ruin the clutch. It was better to try alternative methods for the whole thing by having the Nava be comfortable with the people around it and allow the caretakers to do their part to hopefully see the clutch flourish. Traditional matings in captivity were exceedingly rare due to the time, cost, and energy it took to introduce a pair. Invitro was commonly used when a captive species was showing signs of being in heat, but with Stiles, they'd had no warning. You couldn't prepare for stuff like this in such a short amount of time, even with the nearest male that close harvesting semen took time. They weren't the most eager to perform species around, that was for sure. Thus, specialists like Peter and Derek were given the task of ensuring that the clutch have a chance to prosper.

Derek waved the next piece of sturgeon, they wanted the nava to be a little higher up on the sandbar to make things easier for them. Reluctantly, and only because the pull of sturgeon was there Stiles came forward onto the sand. "There we go, enjoy it." Derek smiled as he offered the strip of sturgeon to the glaring creature. The sturgeon at least seemed to pacify him as Stiles took to tearing chunks off of the strip of meat small little noises leaving him.

Peter shifted about around the creature, laying a small barrier on the slope leading into the water,

just a precaution to prevent a hasty retreat. Nodding to Derek, he came forward and gently touched Stiles' tail. He grimaced and pulled his hand back when the tail slammed hard against the sand sending hundreds of small particles up into the air after hitting his hand violently. "Ow...Alright, sweetheart, I'm not hurting you." Shaking out his hand Peter smiled gently at the hissing creature. Laying his hand on the warm scales, Peter reassured the skeptical Nava. "It's alright Stiles, see, I'm just touching your tail." He stroked the strong tail muscle and gave a pleased smile when Derek distracted the creature by offering him another piece of sturgeon, it worked and despite giving an impressive glower began to eat the new treat. Peter met his nephew's gaze, and silently they agreed. Derek waited to hand a new piece of fish before with Peter's help twisted the nereid onto his back, the sharp cry Stiles gave before struggling was shushed, Derek grimaced as he was clawed. Crooning down to the creature which was finally placed where they needed him. "Easy, honey it's okay." Derek got another piece of fish and dangled it in front of the creature it hissed at him not taking the bait this time. Sighing Derek stroked Stiles' shoulder gently ignoring how the sharp talons were digging into his other arm which it held hostage.

"You okay?"

Derek nodded, it hurt like hell, but he'd had worse. He joked with his uncle. "He hasn't bitten me yet."

Peter snorted. "Don't give him any bright ideas." Peter reached out laying a heavy sandbag tube over the creature's tail, it hissed and struggled only to find that it was far harder to move out of the water, and now restrained. "There ya go, sweetheart, it's fine I just need your tail to hold still a moment." Really more than a moment, but Peter didn't bother explaining all of that. He gently stroked the scales, the strong muscle beneath flexed trying to gain leverage to free its master. Peter just continued to pet Stiles, offering soft words of reassurance as Derek did the same while holding the more human half complacent. They were patient, they had to be in this profession, but like all the times before this one, it paid off.

Derek smiled down at the Nava, it was breathing harder, still stressed from their 'betrayal' but it was relaxing enough to find the offer of the fish tempting. "Go on, it's okay," Derek promised offering the bit of fish that it had discarded before. He held tight to the smile even as the pain of the talons leaving his arm wanted to make him flinch, he watched on as the wary nereid nibbled on the sturgeon all while giving him distrustful looks. "It's okay Stiles, we're not going to hurt you." Gently, softly, he caressed the creature's body. Offering small touches to the shoulder, the arm, mindful of the sharp teeth as he stroked its brow. It wiggled irritably at times but settled the longer Derek fed it more tempting morsels of sturgeon.

Peter couldn't help but sigh in relief when the nereid began to calm, more so when it began to eat again. That was good, whatever stress they'd caused was fading if it felt safe enough to eat. Peter kept gently stroking its tail all the while moving forward with the exam. He eyed some of the discolored scales but commented to Derek. "Some of the scales that are holding his old color are old, he's shedding them."

"That's good, no rotting scales then."

"Nope." Peter gently brushed one and chuckled as it flaked off revealing a new bright yellow scale beneath. "That's good, nice, and bright." They both knew it was meant as an attractant for a male, but none were coming sadly. Assured that the majority of the hold-outs on color changing were just shedding scales, to begin with, Peter moved further up smiling when the eating creature glanced his way all the while chewing on fish. "Does that taste good?" He joked with a smile. The soft grumbles he was getting proved that the nereid was satisfied by the treat.

Shaking his head Peter turned and pulled the small bag he'd brought with him closer. Flipping it open Peter dug through until he found the lube, setting that between his legs he grabbed the small portable ultrasound machine. He glanced from time to time as he prepped things to ensure that Derek had the nereid well in hand, and more importantly, that they weren't running out of fish. Once he started it was best to keep the creature as agreeable as possible. "All good?"

Derek nodded after glancing at his bucket, still plenty of fish on hand. He watched as his uncle prepared to find the answer to the question that they and the council had wondered for over two weeks now. Were there any eggs to fertilize or had he lost them from stress and malnutrition?

Peter coated his fingers liberally with lube, eyeing the nereid as it chewed on a piece of fish the man reached out gently trailing two fingers along the midline of the nereid until they found the small dip in the scales, the soft hollow that could only be found via touch. He smiled upon finding the well-hidden entrance, grabbing a bit more lube that he warmed in his hands Peter cautioned his nephew. "I'm going to start."

Derek hummed, he knew there wasn't much more he could do to keep the nereid happy but the warning was more in case Derek got hurt. He nodded shushing Stiles and stroking its body when it tensed and gave a short cry the moment that Peter pushed his fingers into the creature's body. "I know-I know, but we just have to see."

Peter grit his teeth as he fed his fingers deeper into the heated channel, searching to see what stage of the creatures heat they were at. Shaking his head when his fingers only found a hot, open channel which suckled upon his fingers as if it were a mate Peter commented. "He's open."

"So he's ready to mate, he just needs a partner." Derek crooned down at the Nava who had settled some now that Peter was inside and palpating the warm channel. "It's okay, I know that must feel weird. Not what you want at the moment, is it?"

Peter huffed, definitely not though it was clear Stiles was eager to breed. Pulling his fingers free Peter smirked at the strands of mucus that coated them, he'd barely done much and the little Nava had prepared for mating. Reaching out for the ultrasound machine Peter lubed its transducer well before petting the soft scales. "Alright sweetheart, this might be a bit different but it'll let us see if you've got any eggs in there."

Derek smiled as the creature had stopped eating when Peter had inserted his fingers, now it lay docile though its breathing showed it was anticipating mating. He rubbed its shoulder gently nodding when it whined as Peter fed the transducer into its body. "I know...Not what you were anticipating." He soothed Stiles as it tried to shift about, its mouth falling open to reveal the razor-sharp teeth as it panted.

"Easy sweetheart." Peter gently pushed the transducer deep, farther than his fingers could go. Flicking on the screen once he was sure he'd passed the hovel that produced the secretions for mating Peter watched carefully as he pushed deeper. The image flickered in and out as the transducer moved, but Peter paused when he thought he saw something. Frowning he leaned closer to the screen and gently moved the transducer back ignoring the soft whine or his nephew's soft words to the nereid. Humming he pushed forward again, searching for proof that egg sacks might be there. It was harder than one thought, they appeared similar to a bunch of grapes carefully encased in a delicate membrane, but the man hoped to find one preciousy ensconced inside the nereid. If even one was inside the small Nava they'd put together a breeding plan, it was worth the time and effort to try and raise even one of his kind though their egg sacks typically held half a dozen or more eggs inside them. Peter gasped when the image shifted when he wiggled the transducer.

“What?! What do you see?” Derek cried out, he couldn’t see the screen from where he was.

Peter smiled as he reached out his finger gently trailing down as he counted silently.

“Peter?” Derek smiled as he saw his uncle leaning over the screen clearly looking at something, hopefully, something good. “Well?” He grew impatient.

Peter sat back, staring down at the sleek form he reached out and gently stroked Stiles’ abdomen. Looking at his nephew he smiled. “We need to put together that breeding plan, tomorrow we’re fertilizing these eggs.”

Derek grinned at the happy news. “How many sacks?”

Peter shook his head reminding his nephew that it wasn’t an exact science and there could be more than what he saw on the screen. “There might be more, but,-” He glanced at the screen smiling. “I see four egg sacks...I could count at least six eggs in the first one from the angle it’s at.”

“Jesus Christ.” Derek looked down at Stiles who was shifting a bit, more than likely uncomfortable since no actual mating was taking place. “You really want a clutch, don’t you sweetie?”

Peter huffed that was an understatement, carefully he withdrew the transducer shushing the Nava when he whined shifting wearily beneath the sandbags. “I know...I know, but this can’t get you pregnant honey.” He chuckled at the notion that it might be that easy. Once he’d pulled the transducer free Peter inspected the creature’s opening, it was flush, aroused, and wet ready for breeding. Shaking his head Peter told his nephew. “He’s eager alright.”

“That’s good though.” Derek smiled at the huffy creature who now, unfulfilled was growing irritable. Derek gave it another piece of sturgeon chuckling when the irritable noises turned into calmer ones as Stiles nibbled on the treat. Shaking his head at the cute sight, Derek asked his uncle. “So, tomorrow?”

Peter nodded as he packed up the equipment. “Those egg sacks are ripe, we don’t want him cresting his heat and them to start dying because we want all the t’s crossed and the i’s dotted.” Peter smiled back at his nephew. “If even one of those egg sacks ends up being carried to term, we could end up with six to ten Nava’s Derek.”

Derek shook his head in wonderment at the notion of such a thing. Staring down at the content creature, Derek told it softly. “You’re going to get more than just sturgeon tomorrow Stiles.”

Peter laughed at the crass comment, if they were able to do everything properly, then they’d get to see the nereid grow round with his clutch. God what a sight that would be. “Come on, let’s get him back in the water before he dries out too much.” Tossing aside the sandbag Peter stroked the fin as it moved sensing its newly regained freedom. Moving the small barrier he’d set in front of the slope Peter watched on as Derek picked up a piece of sturgeon and after garnishing Stiles’ attention tossed it into the water, the pair watched on as the creature made its way back into the depths with little fanfare. Peter clapped his nephew on the shoulder when he came to stand beside him. “I cannot wait to shove this in the Argent’s faces.”

Derek laughed at the petty desire of his uncle to show up the other specialists, they’d always rubbed them the wrong way with their haughty attitude of being the best. Peter and Derek had a few personal issues throughout their profession. Still, it was pretty damn petty to flaunt the fact that they’d breed a Navagio when the Argents were busy dealing with an outbreak of hoof rot from a centaur herd in Montana. Derek smirked at his uncle, nudging him he said. “We need more

sturgeon.”

“A lot more.” Peter agreed with a grin, looking back at the water found Stiles staring at them. Curious, no doubt eager for more treats, Peter shook his head and rebuked it gently. “You’ll get more sturgeon tomorrow, Stiles.” He walked over to the pail that Derek had been using before and tossed in a filet of salmon. It was still chased after, but the huff the creature gave back at them proved it wasn’t up to par compared to the delicacies it had been enjoying before. Derek and Peter laughed as they went about gathering their things, off to do the paperwork for tomorrow’s big event.

“Do you think he’ll be receptive to the breeding?” The clinical but skeptical tone had Peter glaring at the phone, thankfully the man on the other side of the call couldn’t see the nasty looks he and Derek were shooting him.

“He was trying to mate with the ultrasound transducer.” Derek retorted with a snippy bite to his words.

“That is a foreign object, not flesh, let alone something not of his kind.”

Derek rolled his eyes at the man’s counter-argument, Peter took over before his nephew said something they’d regret later. “I don’t think he’ll care, to be honest, Stiles is eager to mate, he wants those eggs to mature. Despite the horrible conditions he was in, Stiles poured all his resources into keeping those eggs alive. I honestly don’t think he’s going to be upset in how they go about being fertilized sir.”

There was a hum on the other side of the call. “You’re prepared for rejection?”

“Yes,” Derek replied, sensing a shift in the man’s voice. “We’ve got everything prepared just in case something happens. We even have a net in place if we have to corral him for observation.”

“Good...Good, I’m glad to hear you’re thinking ahead.”

The bite in the man’s words had Peter frowning. “Trouble at another facility?” He presumed.

The man snorted. “Trouble indeed. Deaton and his team lost the reefstars clutch.”

Derek and Peter winced, that was a hard blow especially since they were notoriously easy breeders even in captivity. “How many were lost?”

The man irritated voice retorted. “Twenty-seven.”

Damn. Peter shared a look with his nephew, they both knew what that was going to do for the other specialist's careers. They’d be making that loss up for years to come, but such was the price to pay when working with endangered species. Every loss was felt. “Did the reefstar recover?”

“It appears to be settling thank goodness, they put in a silky to keep it company.”

Well at least that was smart, Derek shrugged to his uncle. “We don’t have a companion, but we’re not certain he’d react well to an intruder in his tank. Not with how Stiles was kept beforehand.”

Peter made a small noise of agreement, adding. "He's territorial, but that's not a bad thing since he's ready to breed. If Stiles loses the clutch we can always find a nearby aquarium that would loan us a common species."

"Good, ensure you have that lined up before you start. Time isn't always on our side for these things and I'd prefer not to have to say it's your fault if he loses the clutch only to lose him from depression."

Derek and Peter tensed at the threat there. "If Stiles loses the clutch it'll be because he was under too much stress and fighting to recoup enough energy to keep them."

"Or if the mating fails in general and his body isn't receptive to the breeding," Peter added. "Depression can only be countered so much, they mourn their clutches but we'll make sure there is a companion lined up in case we need one."

"Do what you can, keep me informed of how things go. The council will want to be notified once we discover the state of the navagio's clutch. They're still trying to figure out what to do with him after they hear back from you two about the clutch. Finding a facility equipped for his care isn't easy."

"Of course." Peter smiled at the phone, relieved that the call was nearing its conclusion. "I'm sure the council will do what they can to see that's given the utmost care, we'll take care of him and the clutch until their decision is made."

"Good. Keep me informed."

Derek opened his mouth to say something only to huff when the line went dead. "I really hate that man."

Peter chuckled, he didn't like him any more than his nephew did but he reminded Derek. "He's our liaison to the council at the moment, Derek, we have to stay on his good side if we don't want to be replaced in caring for Stiles."

Derek snorted, not buying the threat. "They know by now that he's starting to bond with us, pulling us away now while they're trying to keep that clutch in his belly would just screw them over."

Derek wasn't wrong, but Peter let the matter drop. "Come on, we have a few things to prepare before we go and see if we can't make those eggs ripen." They both shared a grin at that, though Peter was swift to add. "Which also means getting a shot." The dark glare he got for that reminder had Peter laughing as he walked out the door.

Derek huffed, he knew the purpose and all, but they still sucked. He wasn't sure why Peter found the whole thing funny since he hissed like a fucking cat when getting his, shaking his head Derek made to follow his uncle. The sooner they did all the prep work, the sooner they could try to breed the navagio.

"Stiles," Derek called as he peered into the tank, it was deep, and unlike the one they'd found him in it had a variety of places the Nava could hide. The kelp was long, thick, and provided plenty of shelter and that was before you had the small caves that had been created. Derek waited patiently

for the Nava to appear, they'd been working on him coming when called, providing him a small fillet of something particularly tasty when he did so on the first try. He smirked when the flash of brilliant green appeared through the reeds of kelp, Stiles coming to the top to peer at him expectantly. "That's good honey." Derek tossed a piece of crab into the water, watching as the Nava scooped it up and tore into it with fervor. He was so hungry these last few days, but it made sense seeing as he was trying to keep multiple egg sacks alive. After today, his feeding times were going to go through the roof. They'd have to keep him well fed to ensure conception took, and if it did, he'd be eating like a proverbial king to keep his body primed to birth the eggs.

"Is he ready?"

Derek smiled shaking his head, he'd gotten a bit sidetracked playing with Stiles by throwing small chunks of fish at a distance for the Nava to go and get. It was like a game of fetch, only the Nava didn't return the fish he went to retrieve and was merely allowing Derek to look upon his sleek form in wonder.

Peter chuckled as Stiles twisted sharply in the water to grab a small morsel Derek had thrown. "We'll get him over to the net." Shaking his head Peter carried the pail of exotic fish, and the small bag of supplies they'd need for their mission. He nodded at the sight of the mesh sling they'd rigged up. It allowed for the Nava to be supported in the water while being captive and giving Peter and Derek a flooring to keep themselves upright as they worked around the Nava. The only thing they had to manage was getting Stiles into the sling, they'd tried once last night after setting it up but the Nava hadn't been particularly interested. He'd swam through it, but had not allowed them to put up the sides before escaping swiftly.

"Put up the one side," Derek called as he showed off a strip of sturgeon, best to use the tastiest of treat to get Stiles to let his guard down. He knew that once the Nava understood what they were doing that day he'd be content to let Peter and Derek take care of his clutch, but until then he'd be upset.

Peter got one side of the fencing up, once Stiles entered, he had nowhere to go. Ensuring all the buckles were clasped properly and that the cabiners holding the wall were securely locked he called back to his nephew. "All ready." Peter stepped into the mesh, wobbling a bit as he walked along the mesh that shifted with the water. Coming to the end where the wall had been secured to not allow Stiles to swim straight through the man held up a hand, Derek tossed him a piece of sturgeon. Peter knelt on the mesh, grabbing the wall to steady himself before dipping the treat in the water, he chuckled when Stiles noticed and twisted away from Derek to come closer. He paused at the door of the mesh trap, curious, but wary. "It's alright sweetie, I promise this will be a good thing." He held up the sturgeon above the water, letting the Nava scent it above the water before dipping it below where he released it onto the mesh floor. The small crooning noise Stiles made upon seeing the treat in the mesh had Peter smiling. "Go get it, Stiles, it's all yours baby."

Peter nodded, watching entranced, eagerly as Stiles slowly, cautiously swam into the mesh trap. Derek was already in place, ready to pull the cord to close it behind the Nava. Peter held his hand up, waiting to tell Derek to pull the cord until all of Stiles' tail was inside the mesh trap. There! "Now!"

Derek yanked on the cord, holding tightly as the mesh synched up into place. He grimaced as Stiles screeched upon finding he couldn't simply back out of the trap as he'd assumed he could when going to retrieve the treat Peter had lured him with. Derek quickly and expertly locked up the mesh wall ensuring it wouldn't collapse and allow Stiles to escape. Jumping into the mesh trap, he slipped a bit before gaining his footing. He walked along it grimacing as Stiles beat his tail stirring up the mesh that he had to walk along. "It's alright Stiles." He tried to soothe the creature as it

cried out from their treachery. Coming to stand at the head of the Nava where Peter was, Derek reached over into the pouch they'd secured on the wall taking down a piece of salmon. He bathed it in the water, trying to distract Stiles from his panic. "Come on honey, see, it's just food. I know you're confused, but you'll be okay."

Peter shook his head, he didn't like how distressed Stiles was at the moment but he knew this was their best shot at getting the eggs fertilized. Doing it on the sand platform would put too much strain on the nereid, he'd dry out before they were done. The caretakers waited, hoping the scent of the salmon Derek had to offer would be enough to calm Stiles given a bit of time. The Nava struggled, beating against the mesh and crying out far longer than either of the men liked, but when he began to tire it was clear intelligence took over. Stiles twisted growling as he stared at them, finally piecing together that they were within reach if he wanted to harm them.

Derek held back his laughter that it took this long for Stiles to realize they were in the water with him, he shook the salmon in the water and held still when the Nava turned his eyes focusing on the treat. "Come on honey, just take the snack we won't do anything until you've calmed down." The wry hiss the nereid gave him when moving a hair to snatch up the offered fish was ignored.

Peter smiled as Stiles tore a large chunk of the salmon off angrily, almost as if he was picturing it was Derek he was knawing at. He twisted and reached into the pouch on his side, pulling out a treat that he was sure might endear the Nava to them a bit faster. He waited until Stiles had finished the salmon to dip the morsel into the water so Stiles might scent it, he chuckled when the nereid twisted in the mesh. Peter held it out and nodded when he was proven right, the small morsel stolen as he let go of it.

"Well, you were right." Derek chuckled as Stiles tore into the shrimp.

"I figured he'd like them."

"Wonder if he likes them more than sturgeon?" Derek smirked when Stiles finished the shrimp and looked expectantly at Peter, silently begging for more.

Peter chuckled when the nereid swam closer and searched his hand he held it open showing he had no more shrimp. Not true, but he wasn't reaching into the pouch for more. "You've gotten a little snack, now, we have to get down to business sweetie."

Derek nodded, Peter was right they needed to get started now that Stiles seemed more interested in treats than escaping the net. He reached into his own pouch for a small piece of salmon, he dipped it in the water and gained Stiles' attention. "Come on baby, we gotta roll you a bit." Between the two of them, and the slice of salmon of course they managed to convince Stiles to lay on his back for them. Derek kept offering small bits of salmon to keep the nereid in position for them, it wouldn't take long for him to get on board with what they were doing. As soon as Stiles recognized that they were there to breed him he'd be content to lounge in the water so long as his eggs were fertilized.

With Derek keeping Stiles in position, Peter got in position to start their attempt to breed the endangered nereid. Peter gently trailed his fingers down the midline of the creature's tail, smiling when he found the proof of the creature's sex. "Alright sweetie, I'm just gonna try to get you on board with all of this." He huffed, if he reacted like yesterday it shouldn't be a problem. Carefully he fed two fingers into the creature's slit, Stiles bucked but Peter braced himself against the jarring motion with his free hand as Derek tried to calm him. Peter nodded when his fingers sunk deep into the warmth of the Nava's body, stroking gently to try and entice a mating response. It took a few crooks of his fingers but Stiles settled no longer slapping his tail in the water in some means to evade his invading digits. "There we go honey, see, you know what we're here for." Peter kept up

the gentle strokes and told his nephew. "Check to see if he'll eat."

Derek grabbed a piece of fish, offering it he sighed when Stiles took it and nibbled. He shook his head, Peter would have to wait until the Nava was fully invested in mating.

Peter shrugged his shoulders, they had time, it wasn't as if Stiles was going to drop out of heat right that second. So, mindful of the movements Stiles did make Peter continued to stroke the warm channel of the creature's sex, urging it to become moist and eager once more.

Derek kept offering bits of food, waiting for Stiles to show a clear sign he was on board with the mating. A few slices of trout later and the Nava ignored his offering. Smiling at the sign of intent, Derek dropped the trout back into the bucket and nodded to Peter. "He's ready."

"Good." Peter stroked a gentle hand over Stiles' belly, over where he knew the eggs lay protected under a thick layer of fat and muscle. "We'll see if we can have this little belly growing round with eggs instead of fish."

Derek chuckled, with how Stiles had been eating that could be a real concern if he hadn't been on heat. Carefully he manipulated the nereid to sink a bit deeper in the water as Peter pushed on the creature's hips. Stiles did so only shifting a bit clearly prepared not to fight against Peter's probing fingers which he no doubt assumed to be the teasing claw of a male. "I think we're all good, he's docile."

"Yep." Peter was happy with how things were falling together, Stiles seemed prepared for them to continue and wasn't showing any signs of stress. Peter gently pulled his fingers free smirking at the mucus that trailed free of the nereids sex and clung to his fingers. Yeah, he was ready for breeding, all Stiles needed now was sperm to fertilize his clutch. Like most species they weren't dependent on mating with only their own kind, all they needed was sperm, any sperm and they'd manipulate it to fit their needs. Stiles was no different, and despite having no male navagio Derek and Peter could provide the needed genetic material to see the clutch be fertilized.

"Alright, you get started I'll keep an eye on him." Derek smiled down at the blinking creature which now wore a frown, growing upset when the male who had teased him didn't mate. "Might want to hurry though, he's getting mad."

Peter huffed as he kicked off of the bottom of the mesh using the water to aid him as he threw a leg over the Nava's body to straddle him. "I can only go so fast and I'm sure you're aware by now but doing this in water isn't as easy or fun as one might think."

Derek snorted, he was well aware though he'd take the responsibility of seeding a nereid over any other species. It was why he'd refused to get his certification in land mammals and avian's despite the many attempts by the council to make him reconsider, some things were just too difficult to handle. Derek still didn't grasp how Deaton kept his certifications for all creatures, he'd seen a diagram of what it looked like to mate with a Nundu, no thanks.

Peter settled his weight along the body of the creature, letting Stiles feel that he wasn't alone anymore and that a male was indeed pressing upon him, even if Peter wasn't inside him yet. Leaning forward, Peter pressed firmly to show his intent the small push upward of Stiles' tell spoke vividly of his desire for Peter to get on with it. Chuckling Peter, with a bit of finesse floated lightly in the water to kick off his shorts. Bare, the man pressed once more against Stiles the flutter of the navagio's tail was harder at the same time Stiles gave a small warble. "I know, I know...Give me just a minute honey." Reaching down between them Peter stroked himself, the glide of the water was arousing all on its own, but the thrill of knowing that he and Derek were going to possibly breed the endangered navagio was what had his cock stirring more. Granted, the shot he and Derek

had taken to help with all of this might have played a hand too. Peter grinned as his cock came to stand at attention with little provocation, leaning down he let Stiles feel it slide against him, proving and assuring the Nava that the male was interested.

Derek smiled as Stiles' mouth came open in a pant the longer that Peter proved that the Nava had a willing partner. The warble he'd given and push of his tail proved how eager he was for Peter to seed him, but Stiles had to be patient and let Peter get prepared. "Hold on baby, give him just a minute." Derek gently stroked the creature's body, comforting him as his lidded gaze blinked up at him. Derek had been looking forward to today despite only having to wait overnight, the chance to breed such a rare endangered species was a momentous occasion. Derek hoped it would take, that they'd get to see Stiles carry his clutch.

Peter stroked the slim belly of the Nava, crooning to Stiles despite the creature caring little for his words. "Alright, baby I'm going to see about getting some of these eggs to ripen." Peter took a sharp breath when he lined up with the creature's slit, it was flush, Stiles' body had become aroused by Peter's fingers alone. Blowing out a slow breath to keep himself steady, he pushed inside grunting at the tightness that swallowed him. The moist heat that undulated from the get-go, seeking to make the male seed him. "Jesus Christ." Peter groaned as he pushed deeper fighting the torrent of pleasure Stiles' body was causing. Peter breathed harder as if he'd been running and not pushing his cock into the nava's tight heat. Head hanging a bit as he fought to catch his breath which seemed impossible now the man rasped. "He is fucking tight."

Derek chuckled at the pained pleasure lacing his uncle's voice. "Maybe he's never been bred before."

Peter groaned at the notion that this might be Stiles' first clutch, he slid back gently teasing the moist folds before pushing back. He felt he'd suffocate on air itself with how the nava's muscles toyed with him. Peter knew only other specialists could understand what it was like to mate with endangered species, it did kinda ruin the appeal of other people. Stiles' body was so eager for Peter to come and fill his womb with seed that it suckled upon him, trying to draw him deeper. Peter knew that Stiles would feel some discontent that Peter couldn't slide as deep as a true navagio, but with luck on their side, he'd still accomplish their goal. Peter made use of the depth he could go, creating a slow-motion in and out of the heat that beckoned him to spill himself already.

Derek smiled as he watched Stiles carefully, the Nava wasn't showing any signs of stress anymore. The gentle rocking of his body from Peter mating with him didn't disturb him at all. Stiles blinked up docile, content to wait out the mating. "See, our horrible trick was worth it."

Peter huffed as his nephew talked to Stiles, the Nava was still below him other than the muscles trying to break Peter's cock. "I-I'm sure he realizes that now." Peter groaned as he sunk deep into the folds that were liberally coated in the creature's slick mucus, an aid to their mating though it wasn't needed nearly as much as the creature's body thought it would be. Tendrils of it were spilling between them as Peter rutted into Stiles, coiling into the water as Peter knew his semen would when he finished. Stiles would try to hold onto as much as possible, but some would be spilled outside of him regardless of the nereid's best attempts. Still, that was why there were two of them, anything that might be lost from Peter pulling free would be countered when Derek took his turn.

Derek glanced down, watching his uncle fuck into the sleek body. His cock was hard inside his shorts, the stupid shot really got their bodies going not that they needed it. Still, it was protocol to use them some bullshit about helping chemical imbalances. Derek smiled as he watched his uncle's cock pull back spilling more of the navagio's lubricating mucus. Stiles certainly was eager, looking back to the docile creature Derek spoke softly to keep him comfortable. "You just lay there and let

us do our work baby, then hopefully in a week or two we'll know if this takes."

Peter groaned, arching as hard as the water around him would allow as Stiles' muscles clamped tightly around him. The creature's body was growing impatient, Stiles' tail fluctuating a bit to try and tempt the male. Peter wasn't a Nava though, so all it did was help the man fuck him in a different way. The tight heat that suctioned around him, warm muscles undulating begging for Peter to go deeper...It was a lot to deal with. His gut was tensing, the nava's methods of attraction certainly worked but Peter wasn't some teenager who spilled himself the second he pushed inside a cheerleader. His years of work helped, and as pleasurable as this all was the man knew there was a method to holding off his release as long as possible.

That impatience Stiles was showing was just heightening the creature's hormones, getting his body prepared for his semen. Another beat of Stiles' tail had Peter lurching forward to thrust hard deep into the undulating body, he smirked at the soft trill Stiles gave. The poor thing was begging for it, and given how Peter's cock was being milked the Nava wanted their little mating session to end. Peter shook his head as he continued to rock back and forth, using whatever slaps of the creature's tail as a means to thrust back in harder. His stomach was tight, just as eager as his balls as his cock throbbed inside the heated body of the nereid. Peter was breathing hard, sex with an aquatic species was a workout, a pleasurable one but still a workout. "Almost honey." Peter panted as he continued to ride against the creature, his hips thrusting to grind Peter's pelvis against the slitted opening before pulling back nearly pulling his cock free of the flush sex. The tight clench of Stiles' muscles around his opening had Peter hissing, yep, he was so impatient right now.

Derek chuckled when his uncle suddenly hissed in what could only be pain, but the beautiful kind that came from fucking something. It was probably meant to taunt the man as he was being accosted by the eager nereid but he did it anyway. "Let me guess...You're not leaving until you give me what you have?"

Peter nodded hastily at his nephew's joke even as he tried to pull back a bit more to gain some movement, but nope, Stiles wasn't having it. The Nava wanted his seed and was punishing him for thinking of keeping the steady fucking. Leaning forward, sinking deep once more Peter groaned as the painful grip shifted down to the base of his cock. He huffed dryly telling his nephew. "I always feel sorry that they don't realize clamping down like that prevents us from doing what they want."

Derek snorted. "He'll figure it out." They always did, but until then Peter would have to deal with the mind-numbing pleasure that came with being toyed with while being prevented from coming. Derek smiled down at Stiles, the nereid was panting beneath the water, worked up from the prolonged mating. "You're doing a good job baby, just relax so he can finish. You can't hold tight to us like you would your own, we don't have that nice little hook you were trying to use."

Peter groaned as he was milked tightly as if Stiles just used Derek's words as a means to try again. "Stop. Talking."

Derek smirked at the pain in his uncle's voice. "Sorry."

Peter shook his head at the brat's lie, hissing as the muscles undulating around his cock kept trying to urge him to come. The tight muscles wrapped around his base preventing him, though his cock throbbed desperately for release. His gut felt like it was going to tear in two if he didn't come soon, his balls were tight waiting for release. "Come on baby...Let up, let me come."

Derek's hand left the creature's shoulders to stroke Stiles' neck gently, trying to replicate the small nuzzle a male might give to initiate their release. Stiles grumbled under the water a moment, Derek not doing it right until the nereid gave a soft chirrup. The sharp grunting cry from his uncle had Derek smirking. "Good job baby, you did it." He listened to his uncle bask in his pleasure, smiling

as Stiles seemed to come a bit more alive now that he was getting what he wanted. The lethargic gaze lightening into small blinks, the panting easing as he began to move his tail urging the male to continue. “Shhh, you just let Peter finish he won't leave until he's done.”

“Can't,” Peter grunted as he spilled himself into the milking organ, the tight ring of muscle that had released enough to allow him to come definitely wasn't seeing fit to release him entirely. Still, the pleasure of release that sang low in his gut was worth the small pain. He laid over the creature's belly, his muscle tensing with each short pulse of his seed. Groaning he rasped. “There we go baby... You just take all of that and use it.”

“I'm sure he will.” Derek smiled as Stiles canted his head about far more aware now that he was being given the seed he'd desired. He paused warily when Stiles looked down and saw that it was Peter who was mating with him. He was prepared for rejection for the loss of the entire clutch if Stiles rejected the mating upon finding it was Peter and not another Navagio, but after a few tense moments sighed in relief when Stiles reclined once more and gave a small purring noise. Derek gently stroked him. “That's good baby, that's right, he's just giving you what you need,” Derek called out to his uncle. “He's accepting the mating.”

Peter smiled upon hearing that, relieved, but too focused on the state of his cock to reply at the moment. Stiles wasn't letting up, his muscles still locked tightly around his cock even though Peter had finished coming. A sharp twist of the muscles had Peter making a high noise of pleased pain, he panted for breath as his stomach clenched as if to let him come again. It didn't happen, but Peter used the startling reality of not being released to find the energy to try and pull back. He was held firmly in place by Stiles' muscles, but after a few gentle motions and quick handiwork of some fingers to trick the Nava into thinking the man was bored Peter sighed in relief upon being allowed to pull back. He grinned at the sight of their combined mucus and seed spilling into the water. “There we go honey, taking all of that so well.” Peter looked about finding his shorts he shrugged into them after sliding to the side of Stiles. His oversensitive body quivered despite the water helping to hold him up, he was tired, but they weren't done. Peter motioned to Stiles' sex which was trailing secretions of Peter's doing as he walked towards the head of the nereid. “You're turn.”

Derek nodded, smiling down at Stiles he said. “You just stay right like this and we'll see if we can't make sure some of this gets where it's supposed to go.”

Peter gave a soft laugh as he took over the position of watching the nereid for stress as Derek moved down to take his place as the next suitor. “Don't forget to tease.”

“Yeah, I know.” Despite not being the same species, Derek and Peter knew it was important to give the illusion that they were. So, despite Stiles' body being ready for him he sank two fingers into the swollen sex and stroked to tease as if he were a male with a teasing claw. Stiles responded with a small wave of his tail, taking it as evidence to him being ready Derek rid himself of his shorts and slid to straddle the creature. Derek groaned at the sight of the body of the creature, Stiles' sex was open, flaring its slit to entice mating. Some of his uncle's seed was spilling freely but that was simply because they couldn't reach back enough to spill where the eggs were.

Shaking his head, Derek assured himself that once he'd come at least some of their combined seed should reach the clutch. “Alright baby, I'm just gonna make sure some of this takes.” He teased Stiles a moment longer when the creature grew agitated by his stalling, stroking his cock while doing so. Ready, Derek leaned down and nudged the open sex with his cock chuckling along with his uncle when Stiles' tail slapped. “I know-I know, hold on.” With a mirthful shake of his head, Derek blew out a tight breath to prepare himself and pushed inside. Grunting at the tight heat, Derek forced himself to keep pushing. Stiles wasn't about to loosen up, so it was his job to get where he needed to be. Still, the nereid didn't make his job easier by trying to rush him, the soft

tissue that milked him violently had Derek breathing hard as he rode the small motions of Stiles undulating beneath him eagerly. Peter was trying to calm him, but it made sense he'd be excited to have another male seeding him, more chances of his eggs taking. Derek couldn't help the debauched noise that left his throat when he finally rested pelvis to tail with Stiles. "God, you're tight."

Peter chuckled. "I did warn you." He smiled down at Stiles crooning to the eager creature. "Just be patient honey, he'll get there."

Derek groaned. "Sooner rather than later if he keeps this up."

Peter snorted at his nephew's pained retort, he knew exactly what his nephew was in for and didn't mince words when he said. "You have to make him wait, we need his hormones to go up before you come."

Derek glared at his uncle even as he gently rocked into Stiles' body. "Easier said than done, he's excited now that he's had you."

Peter smirked, he knew that they both knew that. "Should have gone first."

Derek glared even as he bit his tongue to stop the horrid cry he wanted to give from Stiles' muscle locking tight, suckling on him so sweetly. "Fuck." He cursed panting as he was robbed of breath by the eager creature. Derek grunted when Stiles began to move his tail, jarring him forward in and out at his own pace urgently guiding Derek to seed him. "Be patient babe, I can't come yet."

Peter tried to soothe Stiles who was giving soft chirrups, desperate for Derek to seed his clutch. "Hush baby, let him get there naturally." He stroked the soft flesh of the creature, he'd offer it food to calm it but he knew Stiles wouldn't accept since he was actively mating with Derek.

Derek grit his teeth as he rode the waves of Stiles' tail moving and the horrid suction of the creature's channel that begged for his release. It wasn't going to take him long, that was for sure, already his stomach clenched in need. It seemed with every thrust he feared he'd spill himself, but he had to hold off as long as he could. Stiles needed to wait, needed to get excited for his hormones to rise. Given the constant beating of his tail, he was pretty damn excited, but Derek wasn't going to come so fast and risk things. So he forced himself to not give in to the overwhelming pleasure being forced upon his body. "Slow down honey." He grit his teeth struggling against the tide of pleasure as Stiles made sharp noises of desperation.

Peter chuckled at the plight his nephew was facing, the sharp noises Stiles was making were from excitement. His species usually battled for rights to breed, so having two males seed him was pretty rare. He probably expected Peter to stay by his side and mate with him for the coming days. Yet here he was having another male pay attention to him, fucking him with intent to seed his clutch. "He's going to give you everything you want sweetheart, just let him take his time."

Derek groaned, it turning into a pained whine when Stiles' body clamped down, the tight vice around the base of his cock had him cursing. "Damn it!"

"What?"

Derek glared tears forming in his eyes. "He locked up."

Peter's eyes widened, well that was fast. "Well...Uh, I guess wait for him to release, he should get you there."

Derek glared. "I'm already fucking there Peter! This jus-"

“Is the most amazing painful pleasure in existence?” Peter finished with a crooked grin. “I’m aware, enjoy yourself.” The curse he got in return for his snarky attitude was ignored as he turned his attention to Stiles as the nereid shifted in the water. The soft chirrups he made were fading, a look of frustration forming on his face. “I know...I know, how cruel of him not to give you what you want.” Peter chuckled, ignoring his nephew’s cursing. “He can’t baby, not if you don’t let up a bit.” Peter stroked the creature’s brow a moment, humming when Derek told him to use the neck trick. Part of him wanted to make Derek suffer a bit, but he knew the many hours they had to spend together would make that unpleasant. Peter trailed his fingers against Stiles’ neck, searching for the area that would see the nereid releasing Derek’s cock. “Come on baby, just relax.” He crooned, only to smile when Derek cried out sharply as he began to come. “Found it.” Peter smiled at Stiles who began to beat his tail a bit, his facial features turning docile as he languished under the effects of Derek seeding him. “That’s right honey, you just relax and let him finish.”

Derek couldn’t help but cry out when the vice around his cock released, not all the way but enough to see him arching into the undulating channel and come. He panted as his body was rocked with the force of his orgasm, the sharp twists of his belly as his cock throbbed inside the creature’s channel a heady sensation. The man leaned forward groaning as he rode out the pleasure of spending himself inside Stiles, feeling the hard pulses of his seed entering the depths of the creature. He hoped it took, that between him and Peter they got enough into Stiles’ womb to fertilize the eggs. Derek glared, looking up the length of Stiles to his uncle when Peter asked.

“So...Are you ready for a repeat performance?”

“Fuck you.”

Peter grinned, not deterred by his nephew’s ire. “Finish up, we’ll need to get him comfortable I wanna monitor him for an hour at least to make sure that things are progressing. If starts to reject the clutch it’s better he be already netted.”

Derek nodded his head tiredly, he knew all of that but the fatigue of being used by the creature had him wanting to roll over into the water and rest. He didn’t, but only because he had to wait for Stiles to loosen his hold on his dick a bit more. Once he was free, Derek was swift to put his shorts back on. Coming to stand at the head of the Nava as Stiles languished after the mating. He smirked. “Well, you look pleased.”

Peter huffed. “Yeah, I’d say so.” Shaking his head Peter instructed his nephew. “Alright, one of us stays to watch the other cleans.”

“I can barely move my legs.” Derek took no embarrassment from saying so but added. “Should have gone second.” When his uncle resign fully had started gathering things. The haughty glare he got had Derek chuckling as he relaxed against the netting watching over the nereid.

Stiles stayed in the net for a few hours, the nereid seemed content to relax after the mating only showing signs of distress when he tried to move freely. After a small exam, the pair released him from the net, watching him as he swam a loose circle around the top of the tank. Derek threw in a piece of sturgeon, watching carefully to see if Stiles would resume eating. He smirked when the fish was ignored, Stiles, leaving it to sink as he went into one of the caves.

Peter smiled patting his nephew on the shoulder. “He’s gone to den himself in and take care of the clutch, we’ll take a peek at him later. It shouldn’t be long before he’s wanting food.”

Derek hummed, twisting to leave Stiles to tend to himself and rest while they filled out paperwork and recovered from helping the navagio. Tomorrow they could try again, and keep trying until the little Nava no longer responded to their advances.

Derek shared a grin with his uncle, they watched three of the council members look into the tank. They'd come for an assessment being the nearest to their location and having a great deal to do with tearing down the zoo Stiles had been kept at. Taking out a piece of sturgeon, Derek threw it into the water.

"Sturgeon?"

"It's one of his favorites," Peter answered the woman. "We use it when it's a special occasion and to put him in a good mood. He's been a bit testy lately, we weren't sure he'd come up if he saw strangers without a bit of sweetening."

She hummed. "The tank looks well kept, he's got everything he should need. We won't be transferring him until next month so the new tank can be filtered appropriately but this should be perfectly suitable for him to stay in until then."

Derek took a lot of pleasure in saying. "You're not moving him next month." When the council members frowned at him Derek didn't answer so much as point, they turned only to gasp at the sight of the navagio scooping up the sturgeon. The swell of his belly clear as he tore into the fish, Derek smiled at the sight of the pregnant Nava. "He won't let us near enough to do an ultrasound just yet, but he's eating well and protective of the clutch."

"No signs of rejection and he's bonding well to us as his caretakers," Peter told the council with pride. "With any luck, all of those little nereids in his belly will be born without issue."

A man from the council laughed, patting Peter on the shoulder. "Simply amazing, look at that. He's stunning."

"That he is." Peter reached down to pick up another sliver of sturgeon when Stiles scowled at them, probably upset by the strangers. "Here you go, sweetheart." He tossed it and smiled when Stiles went back to eating without a fuss.

"He'll have to stay here until they're born," Derek told the council. "He could miscarry if he's disturbed now, but he'll have everything he needs here."

"You two don't normally stay on location for long." A man stated a tad worried.

Peter assured the man. "We're quite happy to tend to him, we want to see how the clutch turns out." The clear sigh of relief had Peter adding. "He's special, I don't think I could give him over to someone else, not right now at least."

Derek hummed agreeing with his uncle, he smiled when Stiles glared back at them having finished his last piece of fish. Leaning over he picked up a thicker piece and tossed it. The small chirp he got when Stiles discovered it wasn't just a tidbit had him chuckling. The Navagio laying on his back as he tore off chunks, proudly displaying the clutch in his belly for the council to gawk at. He made quite the sight, belly rounded nicely, the flesh starting to go translucent to show off the clutch, not quite opaque enough to view just yet. Soon though they'd be able to visibly see the state of the eggs, and with an ultrasound count how many they were eagerly awaiting.

He knew it was stupid, but Derek couldn't help but think that despite Stiles' body overwriting his

genetics the eggs in Stiles' belly were his, his, and Peter's. It went without saying among their type of professional, it was normal to have an attachment to the offspring even if they'd never play a role in the lives of the creatures. He was jarred from his thoughts by Peter moving to escort the council members out of the tank room, giving the lame lie that they were running out of tasty morsels to keep Stiles happy. Derek glanced to the bucket at his feet and snorted at the sight of ample fish, saying nothing he followed after his uncle and the council.

Having escorted the council out, the pair walked back towards the tank to check on Stiles before they went into the office to do the paperwork for next week's fish delivery. Now that he was really starting to show he was going through twice the amount of fish than before.

Coming back into the tank, they were prepared to toss a piece of fish to lure Stiles to the surface to make sure he wasn't stressed by their visitors. The pair paused abruptly when they saw Stiles basking on the sand, looking at each other they smiled at the sign of trust from the pregnant nereid.

"Well then, I think I need to go find some shrimp."

Derek chuckled as he stood watching as Stiles sunbathed under the heat lamps, his eyes roving over the sleek body which was now transitioning back into his ordinary blues and purples. The swell of his clutch had Derek riveted, he couldn't wait to see how many Stiles would carry.

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